

THE HEART'S FLOWERS.—The human heart is like a garden hedged with thorns. You must pass through the difficult enclosures before you can pluck its blossoms. As one will take most pains to secure a violet that flourishes in a dangerous place—for we are naturally fond of hazard, and prize a treasure by its cost—so the fair growths of the heart, when gained after much seeking, become of exceeding value. They are worth striving after—for where are the flowers with tints so exquisite, with odors so transporting, as those which shoot from the rich soil of the human bosom?

It is proper that each one should cultivate his own domains. He who neglects his household it worse than an infidel—and he who neglects his land shall come to want. But we may bestow all necessary attention upon our own fields, and still have leisure to inspire and assist others. We may raise the blossom that has been beaten down by the storm—we may train the vine that has become misshapen—we may relieve the plant that is choked by weeds—and direct the tendril that is looking for support. There is work to do for others as well as ourselves.

There may be hearts in which such aid seems useless. There are. We call them before us. There is no dew that can revive their blighted blossoms—no sun that can warm to life their dead fruitage. But yet the attempt is not wholly useless, for there may be one blossom and one plant that have survived the general execration.

They have a fable in the East, that a maiden's tear, falling on the lip of a dead soldier, recalled him to life again. And thus may it be with the heart where vegetation is withered and dried up—for tears are mighty, and we may not reckon their influence.

Shall we not then husband our time—an while we give good heed to our own hearts, extend our sympathy and our aid to others. It is a glorious and satisfying labor to work among the blossoms of the heart—a labor which shall make sleep sweet, life beautiful, and the future mellow as a May morning.—*Buff. Express.*

PEACE.—How beautiful is peace, at the home, hearth, in society, in the nation, and over all the earth. Obliterator of feuds—washer-out of blood-stains, and uniter of earth's races in loving brotherhood. Six thousand years since, Cain smote his brother at the altar, the earth has trailed with war and in blood. The only land-marks spared by the ages, have been trophies of ferocious conquest. Ruin and terror have swept over the hills and valleys and seas; and humanity born with such a noble and glorious vitage, has walked a perturbed and terrible spirit, in this earth garden and paradise of God. Peace which should have been the companion of man, and the inspirer of joy, has only flashed at brief, and wide intervals through the cloud and storm of earth's life. But it will not be ever so. The war of humanity with itself—its suicidal strife—estrangement from its original nature, and from God, cannot always last. Eighteen hundred years ago, one came upon the earth, heralded by angels, who sang "Peace on earth and good will unto men."

And the prophecy of that song will come to pass. The unnatural war among men, societies, and nations, must cease. Slowly, and certainly, the cloud and tempest will roll back, unveiling the clear and serene sky, and humanity, self-bound, like Prometheus to the rock, will shake on the vulture which tortures it to agony. Peace will come to all the earth, for God has sent a token and given promise of it. Then shall the dove fly out from the human ark, over the wide sea of earth's ruin, plucking the olive leaf, and the bow of promise shall be hung in the heavens, that the water of war's desolation shall no more cover the earth.—*Selected.*

HOW TO PRESERVE HEALTH.—Medicine will never remedy bad habits. It is utterly futile to think of living in gluttony, intemperance and every excess, and keeping the body in health by medicine. Indulgence of the appetite, and indiscriminate dosing and drugging, have ruined the health, and destroying the life of more persons than famine, sword, and pestilence; If you will take advice, you will become regular in your habits, eat and drink wholesome things, sleep on mattresses, retire and rise very regularly. Make free use of water to purify the skin, and when sick, take counsel of the best physician you know and follow nature.

THE THREE MAXIMS.

There was an emperor of Rome named Domitian, a good and wise prince, who suffered no offenders to escape. There was a high feast in this hall; the tables glittered with gold and silver, and groined with plentiful provision: his nobles feasted with him—

"And 'twas merry with all
In the king's great hall,
When his nobles and kinsmen, great and small,
Were keeping their Christmas holiday."

The porter in his lodge made his fire blaze brightly, and solaced himself with Christmas cheer; every now and then grumbling at his office, that kept him from the gaieties of the retainers' hall. The wind blew cold, the sleet fell quick, as the bell of the king's gate sounded heavy and dull. "Who comes now?" grumbled the porter; "a pretty night to turn out from fire and food. Why, the very bell itself finds it too cold to clank loud. Well, well—duty is duty, some say it's a pleasure—humph? Hilloa friend, who are you? what do you want, man?"

The traveller whom the porter thus addressed was a tall, weather-beaten man, with long white hair that fluttered from beneath his cap of furs, and whose figure naturally tall and robust, seemed taller and larger from the vast cloak of bearskins with which he was enveloped.

"I am a merchant from a far country," said the man; "many wonderful things do I bring to your emperor, if he will purchase of my valuables."

"Well, come in, come in, man," said the porter: "the king keeps his Christmas feast, and on this night all men may seek his presence. Will take some refreshment, good sir?"

"I am never hungry, nor thirsty, nor cold."

"I'm all—there—straight before you, good sir—the hall porter will usher you in—straight before," muttered the old porter as he returned to his fire and his supper.

"Never hungry, thirsty, nor cold—what a good poor man he would make! Humph! he loses many a pleasure, though," continued the porter, as he closed the door of the lodge.

The strange merchant presented himself in the presence of the emperor.

"Who have we here," said Domitian, as the strange visitor made his obeisance.

"What seekest thou of me?"

"I bring many things from far countries. Wilt thou buy of my curiosities?"

"Let us see them," rejoined Domitian.

"I have three maxims of especial wisdom and excellence, my lord."

"Let us hear them."

"Nay, my lord, if thou hearest them, and likest not, then I have lost both my maxims and my money."

"And if I pay without hearing them, and they are useless, I lose my time and my money. What is the price?"

"A thousand florins, my lord."

"A thousand florins for that of the which I know not what it is," replied the King.

"My lord," rejoined the merchant, "if the maxims do not stand you in good stead, I will return the money."

"Be it so then; let us hear your maxims."

"The first my lord, is on this wise: Never begin anything until you have calculated what the end will be."

"I like your maxim much," said the king; "let it be recorded in the chronicles of the kingdom, inscribed on the walls and over the doors of my palaces and halls of justice, and interwoven on the borders of the linen of my table and chamber."

"The second, my lord, is, Never leave a highway for a by-way."

"I see not the value of this maxim; but to the third."

"Never sleep in the house where the master is an old man, and the wife a young woman. These three maxims, if attended to, my lord, will stand you in good stead."

"We shall see," said the king; a year and a day for the trial of each; at the end of this time we will settle accounts."

"Good master," said the king's jester, "wilt sell thy chance of the florins for my fool's cap?"

"Wait, and see what the end will be," rejoined the merchant; "a year and a day hence I will return to see how my first maxim has fared. Farewell, my lord."

The year and a day were nearly elapsed, and yet the first maxim had not been clearly proved. Domitian remained severely just and the ill intentioned of his nobles plotted his destruction in the hope of indulging their vices more freely under the rule of his successor. Many were the plots they concocted to put him to death, but all were foiled by his foresight and prudence.

"Every failure," said the conspirators at a midnight meeting, "brings danger nearer to ourselves."

"Even so, brothers, but this time we will not fail," said one of the number; "do ye not mind that I am the king's barber; every day he bares his throat to my razor; it is but one slash, and we are free; promise me the crown; in return for this I will give you freedom by the king's death, and free license during my reign."

"It is well spoken," cried all the conspirators; "the barber shall be our king."

On the next morning the barber entered the chamber of Domitian, and prepared to shave the king. The razor was stopped, the lather spread upon the royal chin, and the towel fastened round the royal breast. On the edge of the napkin were these words in letters of gold, "Never begin anything until you have calculated what the end will be."

The barber's eye fell on these words, they arrested his attention, he paused in his labors.

"What am I about to do?" thought he to himself, "to kill the king, to gain his crown? shall I not rather be slain miserably, and die amid unheard of tortures and infamy? whilst those that plot with me will turn against me, and make me their scape-goat."

"Art dreaming, sir barber?" exclaimed the king.

At the king's voice, the barber trembled exceedingly, he dropt the razor from his hand, and fell at his sovereign's feet.

"What means all this?"

"Oh, my lord," exclaimed the barber as he knelt at Domitian's feet, "this day was I to have killed thee: but I saw the maxim written on the napkin; I thought of the consequences, and now repent me of my wickedness. Mercy, my good lord, mercy!"

"Be faithful, and fear not," replied the king.

"The merchant, my lord the king," said a servant of the chamber, who entered at that moment, followed by the old merchant.

"Thou art come at a good time, sir merchant; the first maxim has been proved; it has saved my life; it was worthy of its price."

"Even as I expected my lord—a year and a day hence expect me again."

"We will trust no more to a single hand," said one of the conspirators, when they met again, after the barbers repentance; this time we will all share."

"I propose," said one of the rebel lords, "an ambush on the road to Naples. Every year, on the day after Christmas, the king journeys thither; the by-paths near the city gates is the nearest road, peradventure he will go that way."

When the Christmas night was over, the king prepared to journey to Naples; a great company of nobles, knights, and men at arms, went with him. Not far from the city, he came to the place where the highway and by-path diverged.

"My lord," said an old noble, "the day is far spent, the sun sinks fast in the horizon; will not my lord turn by the by-path, as it is shorter than the high road?"

"Nay," said the king, "it's a year and a day since the merchants first maxim saved my life; now will I test the second admonition, 'Never leave a highway for a by-path,' but go part of ye by that path, and prepare for me in the city; I and the rest will pursue the highway."

Onward rode the knights and the soldiers by the by-path, and hastened towards the city, as they neared the ambush, the traitors sprang upon them, for they thought the king was among them. Every man slew his opponent, and there remained not one of the king's company, to bear the tidings to the king, but a youth, a little page, whom the conspirators did not remark during the attack.

At the city gates, the king found the merchant who had sold him his maxims.

"Halt, O king?" said he—the second maxim has been proved."

"How so?" replied the king.

"The company that rode by the by-path are slain every one of them save this little page, who is here to tell the sad tale."

"Is this so, good youth?"

"Alas my lord it is too true; from behind the trees they rushed upon our company as we rode lightly and merrily, and no one, save your poor page, lives to tell the tale."

"For a second time is my life saved by the maxim; let it be inscribed in gold, 'Never leave a highway for a by-way.'"

"For a year and a day, O king! fare thee well!"

"Be faithful, and fear not," replied the king.

"The merchant, my lord the king," said a servant of the chamber, who entered at that moment, followed by the old merchant.

"Thou art come at a good time, sir merchant; the first maxim has been proved; it has saved my life; it was worthy of its price."

"Even as I expected my lord—a year and a day hence expect me again."

"We will trust no more to a single hand," said one of the conspirators, when they met again, after the barbers repentance; this time we will all share."

"I propose," said one of the rebel lords, "an ambush on the road to Naples. Every year, on the day after Christmas, the king journeys thither; the by-paths near the city gates is the nearest road, peradventure he will go that way."

When the Christmas night was over, the king prepared to journey to Naples; a great company of nobles, knights, and men at arms, went with him. Not far from the city, he came to the place where the highway and by-path diverged.

"My lord," said an old noble, "the day is far spent, the sun sinks fast in the horizon; will not my lord turn by the by-path, as it is shorter than the high road?"

"Nay," said the king, "it's a year and a day since the merchants first maxim saved my life; now will I test the second admonition, 'Never leave a highway for a by-path,' but go part of ye by that path, and prepare for me in the city; I and the rest will pursue the highway."

Onward rode the knights and the soldiers by the by-path, and hastened towards the city, as they neared the ambush, the traitors sprang upon them, for they thought the king was among them. Every man slew his opponent, and there remained not one of the king's company, to bear the tidings to the king, but a youth, a little page, whom the conspirators did not remark during the attack.

At the city gates, the king found the merchant who had sold him his maxims.

"Halt, O king?" said he—the second maxim has been proved."

"How so?" replied the king.

"The company that rode by the by-path are slain every one of them save this little page, who is here to tell the sad tale."

"Is this so, good youth?"

"Alas my lord it is too true; from behind the trees they rushed upon our company as we rode lightly and merrily, and no one, save your poor page, lives to tell the tale."

"For a second time is my life saved by the maxim; let it be inscribed in gold, 'Never leave a highway for a by-way.'"

"For a year and a day, O king! fare thee well!"

"Be faithful, and fear not," replied the king.

"The merchant, my lord the king," said a servant of the chamber, who entered at that moment, followed by the old merchant.

"Thou art come at a good time, sir merchant; the first maxim has been proved; it has saved my life; it was worthy of its price."

"Even as I expected my lord—a year and a day hence expect me again."

"We will trust no more to a single hand," said one of the conspirators, when they met again, after the barbers repentance; this time we will all share."

"I propose," said one of the rebel lords, "an ambush on the road to Naples. Every year, on the day after Christmas, the king journeys thither; the by-paths near the city gates is the nearest road, peradventure he will go that way."

When the Christmas night was over, the king prepared to journey to Naples; a great company of nobles, knights, and men at arms, went with him. Not far from the city, he came to the place where the highway and by-path diverged.

"My lord," said an old noble, "the day is far spent, the sun sinks fast in the horizon; will not my lord turn by the by-path, as it is shorter than the high road?"

"Nay," said the king, "it's a year and a day since the merchants first maxim saved my life; now will I test the second admonition, 'Never leave a highway for a by-path,' but go part of ye by that path, and prepare for me in the city; I and the rest will pursue the highway."

Onward rode the knights and the soldiers by the by-path, and hastened towards the city, as they neared the ambush, the traitors sprang upon them, for they thought the king was among them. Every man slew his opponent, and there remained not one of the king's company, to bear the tidings to the king, but a youth, a little page, whom the conspirators did not remark during the attack.

At the city gates, the king found the merchant who had sold him his maxims.

"Halt, O king?" said he—the second maxim has been proved."

"How so?" replied the king.

"The company that rode by the by-path are slain every one of them save this little page, who is here to tell the sad tale."

"Is this so, good youth?"

"Alas my lord it is too true; from behind the trees they rushed upon our company as we rode lightly and merrily, and no one, save your poor page, lives to tell the tale."

"For a second time is my life saved by the maxim; let it be inscribed in gold, 'Never leave a highway for a by-way.'"

"For a year and a day, O king! fare thee well!"

"Be faithful, and fear not," replied the king.

"The merchant, my lord the king," said a servant of the chamber, who entered at that moment, followed by the old merchant.

"Thou art come at a good time, sir merchant; the first maxim has been proved; it has saved my life; it was worthy of its price."

"Even as I expected my lord—a year and a day hence expect me again."

"We will trust no more to a single hand," said one of the conspirators, when they met again, after the barbers repentance; this time we will all share."

"I propose," said one of the rebel lords, "an ambush on the road to Naples. Every year, on the day after Christmas, the king journeys thither; the by-paths near the city gates is the nearest road, peradventure he will go that way."

When the Christmas night was over, the king prepared to journey to Naples; a great company of nobles, knights, and men at arms, went with him. Not far from the city, he came to the place where the highway and by-path diverged.

"My lord," said an old noble, "the day is far spent, the sun sinks fast in the horizon; will not my lord turn by the by-path, as it is shorter than the high road?"

"Nay," said the king, "it's a year and a day since the merchants first maxim saved my life; now will I test the second admonition, 'Never leave a highway for a by-path,' but go part of ye by that path, and prepare for me in the city; I and the rest will pursue the highway."

Onward rode the knights and the soldiers by the by-path, and hastened towards the city, as they neared the ambush, the traitors sprang upon them, for they thought the king was among them. Every man slew his opponent, and there remained not one of the king's company, to bear the tidings to the king, but a youth, a little page, whom the conspirators did not remark during the attack.

At the city gates, the king found the merchant who had sold him his maxims.

"Halt, O king?" said he—the second maxim has been proved."

"How so?" replied the king.

"The company that rode by the by-path are slain every one of them save this little page, who is here to tell the sad tale."

"Is this so, good youth?"

"Alas my lord it is too true; from behind the trees they rushed upon our company as we rode lightly and merrily, and no one, save your poor page, lives to tell the tale."

"For a second time is my life saved by the maxim; let it be inscribed in gold, 'Never leave a highway for a by-way.'"

"For a year and a day, O king! fare thee well!"

"Be faithful, and fear not," replied the king.

"The merchant, my lord the king," said a servant of the chamber, who entered at that moment, followed by the old merchant.

"Thou art come at a good time, sir merchant; the first maxim has been proved; it has saved my life; it was worthy of its price."

"Even as I expected my lord—a year and a day hence expect me again."

"We will trust no more to a single hand," said one of the conspirators, when they met again, after the barbers repentance; this time we will all share."

"I propose," said one of the rebel lords, "an ambush on the road to Naples. Every year, on the day after Christmas, the king journeys thither; the by-paths near the city gates is the nearest road, peradventure he will go that way."

When the Christmas night was over, the king prepared to journey to Naples; a great company of nobles, knights, and men at arms, went with him. Not far from the city, he came to the place where the highway and by-path diverged.

"My lord," said an old noble, "the day is far spent, the sun sinks fast in the horizon; will not my lord turn by the by-path, as it is shorter than the high road?"

"Nay," said the king, "it's a year and a day since the merchants first maxim saved my life; now will I test the second admonition, 'Never leave a highway for a by-path,' but go part of ye by that path, and prepare for me in the city; I and the rest will pursue the highway."

Onward rode the knights and the soldiers by the by-path, and hastened towards the city, as they neared the ambush, the traitors sprang upon them, for they thought the king was among them. Every man slew his opponent, and there remained not one of the king's company, to bear the tidings to the king, but a youth, a little page, whom the conspirators did not remark during the attack.

At the city gates, the king found the merchant who had sold him his maxims.

"Halt, O king?" said he—the second maxim has been proved."

"How so?" replied the king.

"The company that rode by the by-path are slain every one of them save this little page, who is here to tell the sad tale."

"Is this so, good youth?"

"Alas my lord it is too true; from behind the trees they rushed upon our company as we rode lightly and merrily, and no one, save your poor page, lives to tell the tale."

"For a second time is my life saved by the maxim; let it be inscribed in gold, 'Never leave a highway for a by-way.'"

"For a year and a day, O king! fare thee well!"

"Be faithful, and fear not," replied the king.

"The merchant, my lord the king," said a servant of the chamber, who entered at that moment, followed by the old merchant.

"Thou art come at a good time, sir merchant; the first maxim has been proved; it has saved my life; it was worthy of its price."

SUGAR, COFFEE, TEAS, &c.—Landed from the Empress a large supply of fresh selected Groceries, &c., as follows:—
30 hhds. prime Porto Rico and Cuba Sugars
75 packages Loaf, Crushed, and Powdered Sugars
115 half-chests fresh new Gunpowder, Imperial, Young Hyson, Pouchong and Souchong Teas, all of late importations.
150 bags old Java, Maracabo, Rio, Mocha, and 1 burnt Coffee

ALSO—
Raisins, Soft-shelled Almonds, &c.
Pickles, Preserves, Catsups, and Extracts
Chow-Chow, Anchovy Paste and Sardines
Olive Oil, Spices, Canton Ginger
Pineapple and English Dairy Cheese
Judd's Patent and Spermaceti Candles
Winter Spermaceti Bleached Oil, &c.
Hull's Fancy Soaps and Candles
Colegate's Pearl Starch and Blue
Brooms, Buckets, Pails
Fancy Mats, Candle Wick, Twine, Cords, &c.
Assorted Codfish, Herrings, Hops, &c.
Which, with a general assortment of Groceries, Liquors, Flour, &c., are offered for sale by
GEO. & THOS. PARKER & CO.
dec 16 Opposite Brown's Hotel.

CLOAKS, MANTILLAS, &c.
We have by express—
10 Napo-eon Cloaks
5 Cloth Salmas
10 Union, very pretty
13 Circulars, nice article
5 Le Grange, new and pretty
5 Circulars, with sleeves
5 Embroidered Chenes
5 Gabrielle, very choice
The whole very cheap.
YERBY & MILLER,
corner of 7th street and Pennsylvania avenue,
dec 15 Miss Dermott's New Building.

WOODWARE, BROOMS, BUCKETS, Mats, &c.—We are receiving from the New York Packet—
60 dozen Brooms, various sizes
5 do Hearth Brooms
35 do painted Pails
10 nests painted and cedar Tubs
25 do covered and other Baskets
15 dozen nests Sugar Boxes
10 do sheep skin, jute, Brussels, Alicat, and rope Mats
100 gross Hyatt's Imperial Matches
Also, a large assortment of Cords and Lines, Brushes, Clothes Pins, Washboards, Barrel Covers, &c.
For sale by **SAMUEL HAMILTON & CO.**
dec 16 Penn. avenue, opposite Jackson Hall.

MUSIC JUST RECEIVED.
My home, my happy home;
I'm afloat;
Katy Darling;
Will you come to my mountain home?
My Mary dear;
The voice of bygone days;
Little Blossom;
The Sister's wedding;
Oh, how I love my mountain home;
Strike the harp gently;
Somebody's coming, but I'll not tell who:
Old folks at home;
Young folks at home;
Wait for the wagon;
Sweet memories of thee;
I'll never, never Lily dear;
Don't be angry, mother;
The separation;
Thou art false to me;
Poor Uncle Tom;
Siciliana Polka, Clinton Polka, Military Polka, White Violet Polka, Silver Lake Waltz, Yager quickstep, &c., &c., at **WIMERS' Stationery and Fancy Store,** 6th street, one square from Pennsylvania avenue.
MINIFIE'S MECHANICAL DRAWING BOOK.
Just received—the entire work and in numbers. No. 2 is now in hand, at the agent's, as above. Price 25 cents a number.
dec 16

LADIES' DRESS GOODS.
MAXWELL, SEARS & COLLEY, at the New Dry Good Store, Pennsylvania avenue, between 9th and 10th streets, have just opened a splendid stock of—
Rich Brocade and Plain Silks
Rich French Cashmeres and De Laines
English and French Merinoes—some of the fashion-able tan colors, which will be offered at reduced prices.
Rich Lustre Black Silks
Canton Cloth, Alpaca and Bombazines
To which they invite the citizens and strangers to call and examine before purchasing, as we will offer great bargains.
Don't forget the New Dry Good Store. dec 16

WELCH BUTTER, FRUIT, &c.
65 tubs choice Welch Dairy Butter
200 whole, half, and quarter boxes Bunch Raisins
100 cases Preserved Canton Ginger
10 do Genoa Citron and assorted Sweetmeats
6 cases Currants
25 boxes Italian Macaroni and Vermicelli
25 baskets fresh Salad Oil
100 boxes fresh Sardines
2 cases fresh Prunes, in glass and in fancy boxes
1,000 lbs. Langue-doe and Bordeaux soft-shell Almond
Currie Powder, Arrow Root, Rose, Lemon, Orange, and Peach Water, Cologne, Extracts, &c.
ALSO
50 barrels Genesee white wheat Family Flour
3,000 lbs. hulled Buckwheat, &c.
Now landing and for sale by
MIDDLETON & BEALL.
dec 16

LOAF AND BROWN SUGARS, TEAS
Coffee, &c., now landing—
25 hhds. Porto Rico and Cuba Sugars
65 hhds. and boxes loaf, crushed, and powdered Sugars
5 hhds. and 20 hhds. Philadelphia and New York Sugar-house Syrup
15 hhds. English Island Molasses
125 half-chests and caddy boxes fresh Green and Black Teas, a part of which are of high grade and flavor
200 bags and caddets old Government Java, Maracabo, and Green Rio Coffee. Also, Roast and Ground Coffee
1 cask fresh Nutmegs, 1